THE BEE.

Terms $2.00 per year. | Home Rule, Justice, Equality and Recognition according to Merit. | 5 cents per copy.

VOL. II. | WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1883. | NO. 16.

A Cave of Sea Lions.

A pile of smoothly washed stones afforded a landing place, and we were at the mouth of a large cavern, and near a tunnel worn by the water through a mass of rock. A railroad train could pass through this tunnel at low tide; at high tide it is sacred to the wild waves and breakers. To the right there is a den, and such a den, too! Here were seen at least 200 little sea lion pups or cubs rolling and tumbling over the rocks, wholly unconscious of our presence. It was not until a shot had been fired and rocks thrown at them that the large sea lions became alarmed. They were not brave and made no attempt to protect their young. On the contrary, as soon as they saw us looking into their nursery, they gave loud barks, snorts or roars, and dived deep into the water, which rose and fell in foamy breakers at the mouth of the cave. A hundred could have been caught with ease, so stupid did they appear. *Santa Barbara (Cal.) Press.*

An Imperial Stranger.

He was a tramp, and he stood before Justice Gardner yesterday in the Essex Market police court charged with intoxication. "What is your name?" asked the clerk. The prisoner made no reply. "Put it down John Doe or Prince Bismarck," said the justice. "Yes," remarked the tramp, "I'm a prince of iron and blood." "You are a prince of whisky and beer, and are fined $10." "That is more than the royal exchequer contains, judge; you are severe on the nobility," and the door of the ten-day pleasure closed behind the imperial stranger. *New York Herald.*

THE HOME DOCTOR.

It is stated that in families which roast their own coffee diphtheria cannot get a foothold, as the pungent aroma of the roasting coffee effectually destroys the germs of the disease.

Good sometimes comes of evil. The French invasion of Tonquin has led to the discovery of a plant, so it is said, that will cure hydrophobia, leprosy and the bites of reptiles. It is called in the Anamite language "hoangnan," and is itself a poison unless the poison is present which it is intended to antidote, so that the physician would have to be certain in his diagnosis.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

Every one knows how difficult it is to induce a patient to take codliver oil and how the taste is abhorred by most people. A perfectly simple way to prepare it is to drop the desired dose into a little glass of cold water; the oil will form a globule that is easily swallowed. Take a swallow of cold water; then drink rapidly from the glass, keep the mouth closed tightly for a minute, and when you open it you will be surprised to find that no unpleasant taste is left in the mouth.

The *Shaker Manifesto* has the following: Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drank will instantly relieve heartburn or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful to a glass of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation; no better gargle for sore throat. It is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and allaying the irritation. In doses of one to four teaspoonfuls in half a pint to a pint of tepid water it acts promptly as an emetic; water in cases of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent for hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of a tooth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulceration.

The Riches of Arizona.

Governor Tritle, of Arizona, has made a report upon the progress and development of that Territory. The Territory now claims a population of 75,000 and $20,000,000 in taxable property. The dangerous and disturbing elements which have been such forcible factors in checking progress are now well under control. The value of the gold and silver products for the year ended December 31, 1882, is $9,298,267, against $8,198,766 in 1881. The yield of copper in 1882 was 15,000,000 pounds. The combined value of the silver and copper product for 1883 will be between fifteen and sixteen millions of dollars. This will place Arizona second on the list of bullion producers. Figures are given showing that a herd of 100 head of cattle will in five years, by natural increase, number 302 head. The number of sheep in the Territory is placed at 300,000, producing 2,400,000 pounds of wool yearly. Congress is asked to provide for the boring of artesian wells, for a geological survey, for the erection of a capitol, for an increase of pay of territorial legislators, and for a fourth United States judge.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Its Origin, History, and Some of its Observances.

The *Magazine of American History* gives us the history of Thanksgiving day and its origin. From the papers we learn that the earliest thanksgiving service was held by the Church of England men. The Popham colonists, who, August 9, 1607 (O. S.) landed upon Monhegan, near the Kennebec, and under the shadow of a high cross, listened to a sermon by Chaplain Seymour, "giving good thanks for our happy meetings and safe arrival in the country."

Next we pass to Plymouth, where in 1621, the autumn after the arrival, a notable thanksgiving was held. The brief accounts present a joyous picture. As we learn from Winslow, the harvest being gathered, the governor "sent four men out fowling, that so we might, after a special manner, rejoice together," and the traditional turkey was added to the abundant venison. The people gave themselves up to recreation, and the great chief Massasoit was feasted for three days with his ninety swarthy retainers.

Possibly on this first Plymouth thanksgiving, there was more carousing than we suppose, while there is not the slightest indication of any religious observance. Massasoit and his braves, no doubt, enjoyed it all greatly, as the thanksgiving idea was entertained by the Indians before their contact with the whites, and in their celebrations there was much excess. How much "comfortable warm water" the grave and reverend elders themselves consumed during those three days of jollity, Bradford does not say.

In 1622 there is no mention of thanksgiving, but in 1623 a day was kept, not, however, in the autumn as a harvest festival, but in July, upon the arrival of some provisions. After this nothing more is heard of thanksgiving at Plymouth for nearly half a century. So far as the colonial records go, they indicate that the day did not find a revival until 1668, when there was some kind of a thanksgiving. Again, June 27, 1689, there was a thanksgiving for the accession of William and Mary. In 1690 an autumnal thanksgiving was held, and the next year Plymouth colony was merged in Massachusetts, and so passes out of the story. If any festival can be said to have been established, it was established in imitation of the customs across the sea. Distinct religious societies, however, may have kept occasional thanksgivings, as the people at Barnstable observed thanksgiving on December 22, 1636, and December 11, 1639.

In the Massachusetts colony the first thanksgiving was held at Boston, July 8, 1630, it being a special occasion, having no reference to harvests. Again, in February, 1631, there was a thanksgiving, as already noticed. In the October following a thanksgiving was held for the safe arrival of "Mrs. Winthrop and her children." In these appointments we do not find the thanksgiving that we know to-day, nor do we detect any fell design against Christmas. In 1632, on June 5, there was a thanksgiving for the victories in the Palatinate, and in October another for the harvest. In 1637 there was a thanksgiving for victory over the Pequots, and in 1638 for the arrival of ships and for the harvest. The thanksgiving days from 1634 to 1684, numbered about twenty-one, or less than one in every two years. The celebration of 1676 had special reference to the victory over King Philip. From this period until the revolution, a thanksgiving of some kind occurred nearly every other year, and even twice in the same year, as in 1742. Some of these days were appointed by the royal governors, while again they were ordered by the King or Queen or by the home board of trade.

After the close of the revolution a tendency to make Thanksgiving day a regular institution in New York, was at once apparent, and Gov. John Jay, in 1795, issued a proclamation for the 11th of November. The act, however, was seized upon by politicians, who maintained that he was seeking to flatter religious prejudices.

At an early period, also, the Mayors of New York were accustomed to appoint a day of thanksgiving, in accordance with the recommendations of the council, and that of December 16, 1799, appears to have been the first so ordered. Yet the observance of the day until Gov. Clinton's time was more or less broken. The festival was kept, however, by Episcopalians, according to the provisions of the prayer-book, other religious bodies at the same time following their own preferences. Clinton's course, like Jay's, excited criticism. At the east end of Long Island there was no little murmuring because the day did not coincide with the local custom. It appears that the people of East and Southampton observed thanksgiving on the Thursday after the cattle were driven home from the common pastures at Montauk Point, the day of the return of the cattle being fixed annually, with due solemnity, at the town meeting. Hence there was a collision, and the herdsmen were divided, striving as the herdsmen of Abram's cattle strove with those of Lot. But this was no case of an immovable body opposed to an irresistible force, and therefore the opponents of Clinton gave away, though not without many expostulations. Here was the beginning of the movement which led to the first Presidential proclamation nationalizing Thanksgiving day.

Children's Games and Frolics.

A quiet blind man's buff game which may be played in the house is known by the euphonious name of "Still pond no moving." One child is blindfolded and stands in the middle of the room, counting a hundred by fives, then calls out "Still pond no moving." The others hide in some part of the room, and the one who is "it" gropes about until he catches some one, whom he must name. If any one moves, then he is blindfolded and has to be "it."

A lady in Brooklyn, who has four little girls and three small boys, has a game for them called "Housekeeping." Every morning they clean up their nursery. Two of them have little brooms and they do the sweeping, while a little tot of three years in a pink cap and apron takes up the dust in a tiny dust-pan. The boys move the furniture about and then they all dust. They also dust the two parlors every morning, and seldom break anything. This is good exercise for them and they enjoy it greatly. No grown up person bothers them while they work, but their mother inspects it and points out improvements after it is done.

"Oh, how I wish it was warm weather, so the children could play out doors!" is an exclamation often heard during the months of cold weather. But the many hours a child spends indoors during winter ought to be filled with play of an amusing and instructing character. In the first place do not forbid the children the kitchen, for in that most busy room of the house they may learn many useful things; and what child does not like to see cakes and pies made, and have the dish the cake was mixed in after the cake is in the oven, or make a little pie or cake of his own out of a piece of dough?

Another mother in the city who has a large family of children has a game for them which they play every night. It is called "Circus" by the children and affords an excellent opportunity for exercise. They all form in a straight line with their arms folded behind them, and march backward and then forward to gay music played by their mother, singing some simple music, such as

"Six little children all in a row,
Backward, forward, here we all go."

Then they place the hands clasped over the head and march again singing; then they place their hands on each other's shoulders and march. One child recites a little poem every night, and is crowned with a wreath of flowers, the children forming a circle about her and singing. Then the father holds a spelling match, over which they have great fun, after which they sing a hymn and go off to bed, their eyes sparkling with fun and exercise, and their memories, voices and lungs gaining strength by the game.

A useful and instructive game for children a little older is called "Finding." Each one has a map, say of Asia, or they all cluster around a big map. Some one of them says "Find Pekin." Then they hunt for it and whoever finds it first and locates it properly has the next turn.—*New York Journal.*

The Laws of Trade.

"Twenty-three dollars for that 'ere stove?" she exclaimed, before a Wall Street *News* man, as she held up her hands in horror.

"Yes'm—twenty-three."

"But iron is down."

"Yes."

"I've seen in the papers during the last month where as many as six big iron companies have failed."

"Well?"

"Well, that ought to make stoves cheaper, and I know it."

"Madam, in the last two months death has laid his hand upon as many as twenty-five young 'uns in this town."

"Yes, poor things."

"But are nursing-bottles any cheaper than three months ago?"

"N-o," she slowly admitted.

"Of course not, madam. The laws of trade are immutable. The best I can do is to throw in a horseradish grater, if you take the stove at $23."

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Bless the Average Woman.

The wisest men unite in the belief that intensely intellectual women are not always the most desirable companions. Auerbach, in "On the Heights," describes the Countess Irma with all her wit, grace and beauty as "an unspeakably fatiguing woman, requiring an everlasting firework display of mind." Pyrotechnic displays are wonderful and delightful, but an eternal Fourth of July, mental or material, would soon wear out the staunchest man. Bless the dull day and the average woman. Each has its niche to fill.

The Beautiful Woman.

There is a woman whose whole nature is beautiful, and, being beautiful, is noble, chaste and true; whose life is the outward expression of the inward thought, and who cannot choose but set forth the lesson of loveliness drunk in with her very being; whose mind makes itself seen as much in the graceful fashion of her dress as in the sweet words which fall from her lips, as much in the rhythmic offering of her household as in the glorious teachings of her children. Such a woman gathers round her forms of beauty, both outward as well as spiritual, as flowers gather dew by night to fashion it into living food by day. She is never heard to use a vulgar word, never known to do a graceless deed, nor seen to prefer a meaner taste. Her soul is a noble lyric set to gentle music, a low, sweet chant with words of love for the cathedral verses. This is the woman who elevates and purifies, and whose lessons of beauty and outward harmony have a deeper meaning than lies on the surface, and spring from a nobler source than mere artistic taste.—*Providence Journal.*

The Engagement Ring.

About the happiest day in the life of a young lady is the day upon which she receives an engagement ring. She will hold her hand up and look at the ring from all points and admire it, and assure Adolphus that he is just too awful nice for anything for giving it to her. And she always wears it that day, no matter what happens. If the ring is too large for her, she will ram bits of wood under it, just as a boy puts branches of trees and other things under his skate straps to keep his skates on. And, after she gets it fixed to suit her, she starts out to call on her friends. They will know before she arrives that she has received a ring, and are on the qui vive. They either tell her it is very pretty, or else pretend not to notice it at all, in either of which cases the recipient of the ring is delightful beyond description. Because if they compliment her she thinks that they are affecting an indifference to her good luck that they do not feel, and that they will tear her to pieces after her departure. And if they don't say a word or notice the ring the young lady knows that they are wild with envy, and would give their ears to be in her place. And she is glad to think that she has destroyed their happiness. And she calls on every one she knows and removes her gloves at every house, even if she remains therein but two minutes.—*Puck.*

Fashion Notes.

Velvet is all the rage.

The favorite balmoral skirt is black

Wool costumes are the correct street wear.

Silk underclothing is very much worn.

Paris affects English fashions at the moment.

Steel soutache appears among metallic braids.

Blouse effects on tight waists remain in favor.

Nasturtium red is a fashionable color for bonnets.

The newest shopping bags are made of undyed sealskin.

Common-sense laced shoes are the most popular for street wear.

Long tight-fitting sacques of Jersey cloth are much worn by young ladies.

Mitts of soft black wool will be fashionable this winter, worn over kid gloves.

Parisian dressmakers discard all sleeves except the close coat sleeve for street costumes.

Waistcoats of all kinds, superimposed on the bodice or corsage, grow more and more popular.

Colored flannel skirts edged with woolen lace are preferred to white ones or balmorals.

Fedora waistcoats are sometimes made of black and white Spanish lace or Escurial lace scarfs.

Parisians are combining velvet with Victorienne, Sicilienne, and Bengaline for carriage costumes.

The jersey is condemned by the Princess of Wales, but it enjoys high favor in Paris and in New York.

Tucks are used to excess by some dressmakers, even velvet flounces being trimmed with two or three tucks.

Some of the new greens combine beautifully with other colors, and are becoming alike to the dark and the fair.

All, or nearly all, basques have waistcoats. These are of soft silk or satin on heavy cloth and velvet costumes.

Velvet flounces have deep hems, which are so heavily stitched as to be plainly visible even when the flounces are thickly pleated.

Velvet dresses are full, but in the more elegant costumes they are made so by extra breadths of the material, and not by flounces.

Imported cloth suits are elaborately made of several contrasting materials, such as cloth and velvet, cloth and satin, or Sicilienne.

Long pelisses, made of finely checked tweeds or cheviots, and trimmed with five-inch bands of fur, will be much worn upon the promenade this winter.

Scarfs, panels, either plain or kilted sashes, waistcoats, and Watteau tunics made of Roman striped or plaided merveillux, are again worn as accessories to dresses of a dark monochrome.

Silver clover leaves covered with tiny diamond chippings, made to resemble drops of dew, are among the new designs in fancy jewelry, the set consisting of lace-pin, ear-rings, hair ornament, slide, and bangle bracelets.

A Salt Lake on Top of a Mountain.

There is a remarkable salt lake, situated one hundred and fifty miles west and south of Albuquerque, in New Mexico, and about fifty miles from the Arizona line. The lake is located on the top of a volcanic mountain, and evidently occupies an extinct crater. The lake is, perhaps, three-quarters of a mile in diameter, and is so strongly impregnated with salt, that a thick crust of pure white salt of a spongy consistency, like floating ice, encrusts the margin. It is so plentiful that it is carried away by the wagon-load. It has been long used by the Indians. The salt is white, of the purest quality and destitute of sand or any foreign ingredient. The texture is porous, much like congealed white foam. There was one specimen inclosing the stem of some vegetable and could be handled like an apple by its stem. But the most curious feature of this lake is a tall circular column, of monument-shaped formation, which rose up near the centre of the lake to the height of one hundred feet, and which appeared to be made of white lava, thrown up by some convulsion during some ancient geological period. The outside of this singular column sloped from the base toward the top, and was rough enough to be ascended. On reaching the top of the cone the interior was found to be hollow, like a tube, and at the bottom there was seen a circular pond of water, with a bright emerald green color in appearance, probably to be attributed to the sparse rays of light which penetrated this huge tube, and were reflected from the smooth, mirror-like surface of the water. A party with some difficulty descended the projecting sides of the bowl, and they found no incrustation of salt on the surface like that on the outside, but on thrusting the hand into the water and withdrawing it, the hand came out perfectly white from the particles of salt that adhered to it. It was evidently a very strong brine.

Burnside and the Dispatch-Carrier.

Referring to a volume from the pen of Mrs. Clark, the widow of a southern lawyer, the Chicago *Inter-Ocean's* Boston correspondent says that in early life she was engaged to be married to General Burnside, and that she actually went to the altar with him, but there changed her mind. The two only met once after that. It was when she was carrying important despatches to Jefferson Davis. She had baked a panful of raised buscuits and hidden the despatches in them. Having been arrested on suspicion, and, knowing that General Burnside had command of the nearest division of the northern army, she demanded that she should be taken before him. He recognized her. She said she was going to Mobile and wanted a discharge and a pass. He hesitated a moment, and then wrote out a pass in silence, and gave it to her. "Does that contain your luncheon?" he inquired, pointing to a small basket that she carried in her hand. "Yes." "Let me see it." She opened the basket, displaying the biscuit. "Will you try one, General? They're pretty hard." The General rejected the proffer, and ordered a good dinner for her, and then himself put her on the cars.

NEW STATES.

Glowing Expectations of the Great Mississippi Valley.

When the settlement of Dakota shall have been completed—and this will not require many years at the rate at which population is pouring into that territory at present—the business of founding new States in the west and north-west will be virtually ended. The St. Louis *Republican* says: Wyoming, Montana, Washington, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona, the already organized territories, will gradually and slowly develop into full-fledged members of the Union, but there will be no more such amazing settlements as we have seen on the fat wheat lands of Dakota. Every new State in the west and northwest has been successively the receptacle of an immense tide of immigration which converted it in a few years from a wilderness into a full panoplied State. But it will not be a great while before the choice lands that have attracted immigrants to the Northwest will have been taken up, and then immigration, instead of flowing in one deep, strong tide in one direction, will break up into many smaller streams and flow over the Mississippi Valley States. These States are not yet fully settled; they are not half settled. Missouri has a population of a little over 2,000,000; it may have 4,000,000 and still be only half settled. Farming lands in the Mississippi Valley States do not command half their real value, and the reason of it is that the immigration from Europe to this country is of a character that seeks very low-priced lands, without regard to situation, and so it has gone into Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Dakota. But farming lands are cheaper in Missouri and parts of Illinois, all things considered, at $10.00 to $25.00 per acre than they are in the remote northwest at $1.25; for in Missouri and Illinois are to be found churches, schools, roads, settled society, cities, towns, adjacent manufactories, mines and good markets—advantages which are cheaply estimated at 20 cents a bushel on all the grain raised on a farm. The settlement of the Northwest will not arrest immigration, but it will cause it to deposit itself in the States bordering on the Mississippi river. The tendency of people to move westward cannot be arrested. Europeans will continue to come to our shores; thousands of them will settle in the Atlantic States; indeed, they are doing this already, and the manufacturing and mining districts in New England and Pennsylvania are rapidly filling up with foreigners, and the native farmers of the East thus displaced will steadily move into this valley and occupy the lands now overlooked in the eager march to the far West.

How Walking-Canes are Made.

The manufacture of canes is by no means the simple process of cutting the sticks in the woods, peeling off the bark, whittling down the knots, sandpapering the rough surface, and adding a touch of varnish, a curiously-carved handle or head, and tipping the end with a ferrule. In the sand flats of New Jersey whole families support themselves by gathering nanneberry sticks, which they gather in the swamps, straighten with an old vise, steam over an old kettle, and perhaps scrape down or whittle into size. These are packed in large bundles to New York city and sold to the cane factories.

Many imported sticks, however, have to go through a process of straightening by mechanical means, which are a mystery to the uninitiated. They are buried in hot sand until they become pliable. In front of the heap of hot sand in which the sticks are plunged, is a stout board from five to six feet long, fixed at an angle inclined to the workmen, and having two or more notches cut in the edge. When the stick becomes perfectly pliable, the workman places it on one of the notches, and, bending it in the opposite direction to which it is naturally bent, straightens it. The sticks, apparently crooked, bent, warped and worthless, are by this simple process straightened; but the most curious part of the work is observed in the formation of the crook or curl for the handles, which are not naturally supplied with a hook or knob. The workman places one end of a cane firmly in a vise, and pours a continuous stream of fire from a gas pipe on the part which is to be bent. When sufficient heat has been applied, the cane is pulled slowly and gradually round until the hook is completely formed, and then secured with a string. An additional application of heat serves to bake and permanently fix the curl. The under part of the handle is frequently charred by the action of the gas, and this is rubbed down with sandpaper until the requisite degree of smoothness is attained. — *American Merchant.*